

PHILADELPHIA



REPOSITORY,

AND

Weekly Register.

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SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1804.

THE HISTORY OF
Netterville:
A CHANCE PEDESTRIAN.

CHAPTER VI.

ABOUT six o'clock, on a beautiful spring morning, we bade adieu to the cottage of my grandfather, and the glory of Scotland, for so the Hill of Moncrieff is usually called; the sun rose with unwonted splendor, nature appeared clad in her gayest attire. I felt like our first parent driven out of Paradise; for, beyond the extensive prospect which presented itself to my view, I had no wish to emigrate. To the south, as we descended the hill, appeared the mansion of my father, which was situated between Strathern and the beautiful Carse of Gowry; beyond, rose, in majestic splendor, the Stormont hills; and, in the back ground, almost concealed by grey mist, the lofty summit of Kinnoul.—“No more,” cried I, mentally, as I gazed on the meanders of the Ern, “shall I pursue the progress of thy silver stream, linked in the arm of Adeliza; no more can I with innocence, and love unutterable, listen to her melodious voice; no more can the gentle suavity of her manners sooth my angry passions into composure?” I recollected the many days of happiness we had passed together, when in youthful groupes we enjoyed the cooling breeze, at the delightful spot where the Ern forms a junction with the Tay;—how the simple habitation, and the more simple fare of the cottager, delighted after a morning of exercise and hilarity; and how often evening

had surprised us, while dancing to the sound of the bagpipe, on a little peninsula which projects over the two rivers. I dwelt with fond regret on every object which presented itself to my view; I looked towards the wide expanse of ocean—not a breath of air ruffled its surface; I wished it at that moment fluctuated by a storm, equal to that which agitated my distracted bosom; the charms of nature gave additional pangs to my desolated heart; I was incapable of joy; I gazed with agonizing emotions on the town of Perth, and the beautiful woods by which it is surrounded, fondly lamenting scenes of former felicity. I imagined, at that moment, that the universe contained not a spot which equalled it in sublimity. Every winding of the Tay demanded a sigh of anguish; every well known object the tear of bitter regret; and, the grand boundary of the distant highlands, awakened in my bosom the frenzy of despair: “Never more,” cried I, “can my heart acknowledge a pang like this; never can it again be sensible of a feeling so acute; scenes of my youth, a long *last adieu!*”

On the second day of our journey, my grandfather related to me his history, and also that of my mother. He was the last heir of a noble house, who had first involved their property by following the fortunes of the Pretender: and on the adverse party's success, the mansion and estates of his progenitors had been confiscated, and the youthful Duncan, at the age of twenty-two, was despoiled of his inheritance. “The world was now before him,”—and in Spain he found an asylum, and wielded a sword in the service of his Catholic Majesty. Here it was his fortune to commence an acquaintance with Don Rodolpho Philip de Cor-

dovedo, and his ill fortune to become enamoured of Donna Agnes de Cordovedo, his daughter. A discovery of their mutual attachment, soon after, produced his dismissal from the service of his Catholic Majesty, and the lady's confinement in a convent of Benedictine Nuns, a few miles from Madrid. Through the assistance of his sister, who was a boarder in the convent, Forbes obtained frequent interviews with Agnes; and this frequency of access at length produced the determination of flying to great Britain, to be united to each other by indissoluble ties.—To Scotland, then, this pair of lovers hastened in disguise; as they feared the power of Rodolpho might pursue them, and enforce a separation. They resided, for some time, in one of the islands, until the birth of my mother rendered a separation impossible to be effected with honour. All application to the father of Agnes was ineffectual: he refused every overture towards a reconciliation; and, dying shortly after, bequeathed his immense property to a monastery. A distant relation of my grandmother's, however, preserved them from extreme poverty, by the timely bequest of a thousand pounds; and with this small sum they continued in retirement, until their daughter attained the age of sixteen; at this period my father became acquainted with them, and, by imperceptible degrees, wormed himself into the heart of the youthful and unsuspecting Agnes; and in an evil hour, by the assistance of a false marriage, destroyed her reputation.—Mr. Campbell's father had selected a wife for his son, and he soon after plighted his hand to her at the altar, in the face of the world. The only witness of Agnes's marriage, was a poor woman, who died soon after;

so she was considered, by the generality of mankind, as an indiscreet and foolish girl, whom credulity had betrayed to her ruin.

The knowledge of my father's second marriage produced a premature labour, which first opened the eyes of their venerable parents. The stigma which was thus cast on them, eat into the vitals of of ancient nobility, and the death of Agnes soon after, reduced them to despair.—They collected the little property they possessed, and retired to the cottage before mentioned, on the summit of Moncrieff, where they had resided ever since, unknown by the world, brooding over past calamities, and wearing out life in all bitterness of disappointed hope and comfortless despair.

Unused to fatigue of any kind, my grandmother was taken ill, on the third day of our journey, which detained us nearly a week. Immediately, on her recovery, we proceeded with all possible expedition to Port Patrick; within two miles of which place, I procured a small cottage, and having seen them quietly settled, I bade them adieu, being internally convinced, that our separation was, in all probability, eternal. The following month I embarked with my regiment for the East Indies, and, ere my return, the virtuous Forbes was no more. I received, before my departure, a letter from my father, filled with expressions of contrition and affection; and promising no longer to suffer the name of my mother to be consigned to infamy. I dissuaded him not from an act of retribution yet he died ere he had acquired resolution sufficient to clear her fame, or do me justice. After a prosperous voyage, I arrived at Bengal; and, during my residence in that place, received frequent letters, both from my father and grandfather; in one of which I was informed of the marriage of Adeliza and Mr. Nugent; and about twelve months after, I received, from that gentleman, the melancholy account of my father's death. His letter concluded in the most indelicate manner: it said, that as Mr. Campbell died intestate, his property, of course, devolved to his *legitimate* child—his *daughter*; and having been so handsomely provided for in his lifetime, I *could* have no reasonable claim on his executors, as I was incapable of proving my right to any of the property.—Alas! I was equally incapable of wounding the feelings, or injuring the fortune of Adeliza; and while I rejoiced also, that I

was removed from witnessing her union with such a worthless, groveling, spirit. The natural energy of my mind bore me up against the contumelious treatment of my brother-in-law, and I felt and gloried in my own superiority.

About three years after my residence in the East, I became acquainted with an amiable young woman, of a good family and large fortune. My person happened to hit her fancy; and the amiable Caroline St. Ledger was indifferent to every sordid idea, and by giving herself to my arms, ensured my esteem and fervent gratitude.—Nine months of uninterrupted felicity were mine; the tenth was ushered in with general gratulations on the birth of a daughter; but my Caroline never recovered from the effects of her accouchement, and I followed her remains to the silent grave—a sincere mourner!—I now became sick of Bengal and its environs, and proceeded to dispose of all my property in the East, and settle my affairs previous to an embarkation for England or Scotland. My little Clara, for so I had named my sweet babe, supplied me the loss of every other tie and became, as it were, the sole link which bound me to the world. In her all the affections of my heart were centered; she was the leading spring of every action; I breathed but in her presence; I lived but in her society. Ah, my son, human nature is ever subject to error: in the height of my rapture I remembered not his goodness who had bestowed this blessing on me, until fatally reminded of my sin, by his withdrawing his face from me, and I was troubled.—At night, when I retired to bed, I gazed on this sole treasure, as she sweetly slept in a small closet adjoining my apartment; and, ere I arose in the morning, her attendant would place her by my side, where her unconscious loveliness awoke in my bosom the rapturous emotions of parental affection.—My affairs being settled, I embarked for Scotland, my heart not a little dilated with the thoughts of again beholding Adeliza, and presenting to her my child—"My fortune," cried I, "will procure respect from the sordid mind of the husband, and she will shield my babe with fond maternal tenderness; she will be to her the parent she has lost;—yes, Adeliza, I shall once more behold thee; and our hearts, divested of every tumultuous passion, shall still retain for each other the most sincere and animated friendship!"—Alas! this blessing was also denied me: a storm

overtook us during the voyage. We bore up against its violence for nine days; but on the tenth, finding every effort to preserve the vessel ineffectual, and the leak still gaining on us, we took to the long-boat for security. My fortune was, in this instant of horror, totally disregarded; my future subsistence unthought of, but my sweet Clara, fondly pressed in my paternal arms, was conducted in safety to the boat; and even in this comfortless state I found reason to congratulate myself, and bless the Almighty:—"Child of my love!" cried I, "daughter of my heart! spring of my joy! art thou not safe, and shall I not bless the Almighty, who has spared thee to me? What, O God, is the loss of property compared to the life of my darling cherub! Here then," added I, recollecting myself, "here ends every hope of again presenting myself before Adeliza. Had I returned blessed with fortune, and independence, the case had been far different; but never will I bare the contemptuous glance of Nugent, never shall the daughter of Netterville become a dependant on his bounty;—no, we will bury ourselves in some obscure retreat, where we can labour for our subsistence, and forgetting mankind, become the whole world to each other!"—For two days we remained exposed to all the severity of the season and the tumult of the tempest, when we were fortunately taken up by a convoy of merchantmen, and carried into the Cove of Cork. I was soon safely landed in Waterford, totally despoiled of every thing but a few valuables, which I usually carried about my person, having left in the wreck property to the amount nearly of half a million of money. I hastened on the wings of affection to embrace my aged relative, the good Forbes, if he yet lived, which I was doubtful of, as I had not heard from him for some time previous to my leaving Bengal; yet the asylum their cottage afforded, was the only one I had in view for myself and child. I had fortunately, long before my embarkation, sent, in consignments to my grandfather, nearly a thousand pounds; and I hoped, ere this sum was expended, to procure myself some employment, by which I might gain a subsistence. I left my sweet Clara at the inn at Port Patrick, and proceeded on foot towards the cottage of my grandsire. The night was far advanced before I reached the place of my destination; the wind whistled shrilly around my head and my heart was agitat-

ed with a thousand distracting emotions; every passion which had before agonized my mind, again passed in review before me; I shuddered at the precipice I had so fortunately escaped; the cottage appeared lighted up in an unusual manner; and, on a nearer approach, I could faintly distinguish the sound of voices, which died away, or were sunk in silence by the louder noise of the whirlwind; again an interval of the storm permitted me to listen, and my heart fearfully acknowledged the sound to be that of human voices singing the Cornack, or funeral dirge.—“Alas! who,” cried I, wildly striking my clenched hand against my forehead, and gnashing my teeth, in all the bitterness of despair, “Alas! who so wretched as Netterville? God of my fathers support and save me!” I leaned against a tree, being for some moments unable to stand. All the passions of my soul, which I had so long laboured to subdue, appeared again to rage in my bosom, and I rushed towards the house determined at once to end all suspense. My entrance was stopped by a scene which now presented itself to my view; the cottage was thronged with females, who, with naked feet and black robes, were kneeling around the corpse of poor Forbes, for he was indeed no more. At a distance, concealed in part by a dark corner of the room, her head shrouded in a kerchief, and her body bent in an attitude of fervent devotion, was the unfortunate Agnes, enfeebled by age, long sufferings and disease. She had survived almost every hope, and now appeared mildly to wait for that stroke which should reunite her to the object of her affection. I could not, I dared not approach, to interrupt the dignity of her grief; and taking advantage of the obscurity in which the entrance was involved, hastily quitted the house, waiting without for the departure of the funeral procession, which I soon joined, and sadly followed, as it slowly pursued its way along the windings of a rivulet to the ruins of a Gothic abbey, in which place were reposed the remains of my good and venerable grandfather. It was the last scene of a life marked by misfortune; it was a lesson to my sad heart; and I bowed with submission to the will of Heaven.—I returned to the cottage of Agnes. I made myself known to her; and, I flatter myself, I added to the comforts of her latter days. The sweet frolicks of my Clara, who was now twelve months old, and could run alone, won on

her affections, and she became the sole amusement of us both;—but the thread of Agnes’s existence was nearly spun, and she died in my arms a few weeks after, (leaving me her whole property, which amounted to eight hundred pounds) and soon after, a nobleman, with whom I had formerly been acquainted in the East Indies, by his interest, procured me the situation which I now occupy, and to which I immediately removed.

LADY’S ROCK—SCOTLAND.

AT the south end of the island of Lismore is a small rocky isle, over which the sea rolls at high tides; at other times, it raises its rough head somewhat above the surface of the water. It is called the Lady’s Rock, for the following reason;—In former times, one of the M’Leans, of Duart whose castle (now in ruins) stands on a promontory in Mull, in nearly an opposite direction to the Lady’s Rock, married a sister of Argyle. The lady was handsome and amiable, but, unhappily, she was barren. In those days, it was a high crime in the eye of a husband, when his wife bore him no children. Duart hated his hapless lady for that cause, and determined on her destruction. To accomplish it with ease, and as he imagined, safe from detection, he ordered ruffians to convey her secretly to a dark rock near Lismore, and there leave her to perish at high tide. The deed was executed to Duart’s wish, and the lady left on the rock, watching the rolling tide rising to overwhelm her. When she had given herself up for a lost being, and expected in a very short time to be washed from the rock by the waves, she fortunately perceived a vessel sailing down the Sound of Mull, in the direction of the rock on which she was sitting. Every effort in her power was exerted, and every signal in her possession was displayed, to attract the notice of the people in the vessel. At length, they perceived her, and drew near the rock. She made herself known, and related that it was by order of her barbarous husband she was left on the Rock, and thus reduced to the wretched state in which they found her. The mariners, ever a generous race, took compassion on her; received her on board their vessel, and conveyed her safely to her brother at Inverary.

M’Lean Duart made a grand mock funeral for his much loved and much lamented lady, who he announced to

have died suddenly. He wrote disconsolate letters to her relations, particularly to Argyle, and after a decent time, went to Inverary in deep mourning, where, with the greatest shew of grief, he lamented to his brother-in-law the irreparable loss he had sustained. Argyle said little, but sent for his sister, whose unexpected appearance in life and health proved an electric shock to her tender husband. Argyle was a mild and amiable man, took no other revenge of M’Lean, but commanding him to depart instantly, at the same time advising him to take care not to meet his brother Donald, who would certainly take away his life, for having intended to destroy that of his sister. Sir Donald Campbell did meet him many years afterwards in a street at Edinburgh, and there stabbed him for his crime towards his sister, when M’Lean was eighty years of age.

A SCRAP.

ARGIVA pulls off her glove to shew her white hand, and never forgets to let her little shoe be seen that she may be supposed to have a small foot. She laughs equally at things serious or merry, to shew her fine set of teeth. She knows, perfectly well, all her several interests. One thing only excepted, she is perpetually talking, and has scarcely common sense.

TRIFLES.

“Can you recommend to me a something,” exclaimed a *ruby-nos’d* votary of Bacchus, to Fisher, of the Brighton Library, “that will be of service to a man of my complexion?”—“With a great deal of pleasure, Sir,” replied the auctioneer, bowing, and instantly presented to him a *cork-screw*.

A YOUNG lady in the habit of putting on a great deal too much rouge with too little care and art, was lately boasting that she owed what colour she had to the custom of washing her face in cold water; but perceiving some little hesitation or astonishment in the company, she said to a gentleman, “you don’t seem to believe me.”—“Oh! madam,” said he, “I have not the least doubt, it is very clear you wash in the *red sea*.”

OBSERVATION.—Plausibility is a more marketable quality than good sense.

From the (Wilmington Del.) Mirror.

SERMONS FOR DEMOCRATS.

BY TIMOTHY SPINTEXT.

Genesis XL.—23. Yet did not the chief Butler remember Joseph, but forgot him.

IT is a truth, which experience has made abundantly evident, that nothing is sooner forgotten than the receipt of favours, though nothing should make a more lasting impression.—See the man who has suffered an injury, with what eagerness he seeks for revenge. He encompasses sea and land, he breaks thro' every restraint, nay, he even risks his life to gratify his ruling passion: but he can sit quietly down in cold forgetfulness of favours received, he can suffer his generous deliverer to pass by unheeded; nay, strange to relate, oftentimes treats with marked contempt that man by whose exertions he was saved from impending ruin. To trace ingratitude up to its source and say from what principle in human nature it takes its rise, to me appears very difficult, as it stands in direct opposition to every feeling, passion and power planted by the hand of Deity, and yet the poet is justified in saying,

Ingratitude's the growth of every clime,

And in this thankless world the givers,

Are env'd ev'n by the receivers;

'Tis now the cheap and frugal fashion.

Rather to HIDE than to PAY the obligation.

DRYD. DON. SER.

My text is a plain elucidation of these observations; though the butler's conduct by no means reaches the degree of turpitude I have just described. In the most adverse circumstances he became acquainted with Joseph who appears to have kindly shared in his troubles, felt for his distress, and relieved his wants as far as in his power. When he found him after his ominous dream, depressed with more than ordinary sorrow, we find Joseph in the most friendly manner enquiring into his concerns; and finally alleviating his grief, by interpreting his dream: in return for all his favours he only requested that, when it shall be well with him he should think of his benefactor and mention him to Pharaoh. Yet did not the chief Butler remember Joseph but forgot him. Strange forgetful man! how couldest thou ever pour the juice of the grape into the regal cup—how couldest thou ever present it to thy royal master, without thy former adverse circumstances recurring to thy mind, without thinking of thy portentous dream; without remembering the friendly, the oppressed Joseph?—Oh ungrateful man! thou for-

gottest him, because he could no longer serve thee—he still was a poor despised prisoner, whilst thou stood at the right hand of majesty! why shouldest thou remember him? Let him sink in his prison, let him pine in forgetfulness—he is a Hebrew slave, and never to thee can he be of any consequence, why needest thou therefore trouble the royal ears with his story? Sorry am I to say this is reasoning in the way of the world. No doubt when the butler was taken from prison, but he resolved if it ever were in his power, that he would befriend Joseph. Adversity had humanized his affections, he felt distress and pitied those in similar situations; but restored to the affluence of a court, the smiles of majesty, and the circle of grandeur, fascinated by the charms of prosperity, his former resolutions every day grew fainter and fainter. The sigh of the prisoner no longer was heard. It was silenced by enchanting music—The situation in which even he himself had lain, in his present prosperous state he wished to banish forever from his memory; therefore considering man, as we really ought, was it strange, was it singular; was it a thing very uncommon, that the butler did not remember Joseph but forgot him?

Having thus viewed the history of my text, let me for a few moments call your attention home to your own bosoms whilst I examine the subject in a closer point of view. But a few years ago our situation as a country was infinitely worse than that of Joseph. An enemy, keen, cruel and relentless, ravaged our coasts, burned our cities and slew our citizens, and to complete the measure of his cruelty, armed the savage with the scalping knife and let him loose on our innocent, inoffensive and defenceless frontier inhabitants. America called aloud to arms. The generous, the patriotic and the brave heard the cry and rose as one man. They encounter their enemies on the bleak plains of Canada, in the howling wilderness, on the sea beaten shore. They beat them from their batteries, they force them from their camps—they expel them from our country. The united voice was in their approbation high, they were hailed the saviours of their country, the virtuous defenders of our rights the assertor of our liberty and founders of our independence. They returned to the bosom of their country, to *enjoy ease, quiet and independence*: Would to God that I could, for the honor of my country, for the honor of man, for the dignity of

human nature, say so. Alas they returned from the battle worn out with toil, afflicted with diseases caught in sickly camps and inclement seasons,—their wages unpaid, they returned to poverty's bleak cottage, to want, to anxiety, to distress! The clangor of the warrior's trumpet is no longer heard, peace waves on high her olive branch, prosperity marches triumphantly through our cities, our villages and our country. The voice of joy and gladness is heard, festivity abounds, wealth opens her store and the feast, the song, the dance enlivens in every village.—Hark! heard you not that groan? that piteous sigh? It breaks in upon the voice of music—it disturbs the sounds of joy!—Behold! the complaint comes from the war-worn veteran, whose blood flowed for our FREEDOM at Lexington, and Bunkers-hill, with the brave, the heroic WARREN, at Brandywine, at Germantown, on the plains of Saratoga, at Monmouth and at York-town. Mark his tattered garment; his emaciated face. Instead of a hand, view a stump—and, gracious heaven, he is compelled to *beg*!! Cease, cease, ye censorious, to blame the butler for not remembering his friend. Here is an object to whom ye are under ten thousand times more obligations than the butler was to Joseph, and yet ye have not only forgotten him, but he is treated with disrespect, pushed from the door he has defended, and his complaint and petition treated with cold indifference, yea, oftentimes with insult. From this neglected man turn your eyes but a moment—View that edifice, raised at the expence of more than fifty thousand dollars. See yonder walks its proud imperious owner. Mark how pride swells in his step and domineers in his lofty carriage. All the land as far as your eye can see owns him for its master. He purchased it by buying up the soldiers' certificates at two and sixpence in the pound. He wallows on the price of their toil. He wantons on the money they earned with their blood, while they starve on the fields their valor won from a proud, a valiant, an enterprising foe. In the moment of victory they heard the song of gratitude: But war is no more, danger is removed, like the butler, yea, much more ungrateful, Americans remember not their heroes, their deliverers, their poor debilitated soldiers but *forget them*. My dear friends, I beseech you, listen to the voice of the preacher. Suffer not your hearts thus to be overcome with stoic-like apathy, unite

one and all of you to smooth the pillow of the poor, the debilitated, the war-worn soldier. His aching wounds cry to you for pity. His gray hairs solicit your attention.—With small exertion a fund might be raised that would do you immortal honor and cause them to enjoy the comforts of life till death removes them from this to a better world; to a life where their services will not be forgotten, where their virtuous actions will be all remembered, and the ingratitude of others, their meanness, duplicity and overreaching cunning, shall not be cast into oblivion. **TIMOTHY SPINTEXT.**

For the Philadelphia Repository.

THE SCRIBLER.—No. XIV.

O! let nature speak,
And with instinctive force inform thy soul,
That liberty the choicest boon of heaven
Is reason's birth-right and the gift of God.
MRS. ROBINSON.

THE following letter, perhaps needs some apology: The subject of it has been so often, so ably, and so feelingly investigated by the first writers, that it seems quite exhausted. If, however, it should in any degree assist to keep alive the feelings of indignation against that infamous trade which now disgraces the United States, the writer will be fully gratified.

TO THE SCRIBLER.

SIR,

The many appeals which have been, made to the feelings of man by nature, reason, and humanity, on the subject of slavery, appear yet to have been little regarded. The love of money, that universally prevailing principle which Dr. Johnson elegantly calls "the last corruption of degenerate man," appears to have almost destroyed every thing like disinterestedness, charity, and benevolence, among mankind, has prevailed over conscience and every noble feeling; and the slave-trade which has so long disgraced the nations of Europe, is now again permitted in America. A state of the first respectability in the union, in point of wealth and commerce, has openly and unequivocally given its sanction to this most infernal traffic. Horrible, degrading, detestable idea. Lost to every feeling but that of interest, must be those legislators who could calmly deliberate on, and agree to a resolution which must render their state despicable in the eyes of the world, and excite the indignation of every friend of mankind.

Shall the poor African, the passive slave,
Born in the bland effulgence of broad day,
Cherish'd by torrid splendours, while around
The plains prolific teem with honey'd stores
Of Afric's burning soil; shall such a wretch
Sink prematurely to a grave obscure,
No tear to grace his ashes? Or suspire
To wear submission's long and goading chain,
To drink the tear, that down his swarthy cheek
Flows fast to moisten his toil fever'd lip,
Parch'd by the noontide blaze? Shall he endure
The frequent lash, the agonizing scourge,
The day of labour, and the night of pain;
Expose his naked limbs to burning gales;
Faint in the sun and wither in the storm;
Traverse hot sands, imbibe the morbid breeze,
Wing'd with contagion, while his blister'd feet
Scorch'd by the vertical and raging beam
Pour the swift life-stream? *Progress of LIBERTY.*

Show this vivid glowing description to a South Carolinian, he will tell you it is a false one, that the negroes are well treated, well fed, and accommodated; that a black there does not work half so hard as a white man in one of our harvest fields; and from thence even infer that his situation is preferable!! But the case is widely different. The negro even where he is best treated must yield the most implicit obedience to the most imperious orders given in the most haughty and authorotative manner, sometimes by an overbearing overseer who derogates to himself in the absence of his employer much greater authority than was really placed in him, and is anxious to display it by acting the petty tyrant; at others, by the children of their masters, who, on their displaying the slightest reluctance, will lift their hands to chastise men old perhaps as those that gave them birth. And has not the negro feelings acute as those of the white man? feels he not an insult equally as soon, but alas, he has not power to resent it. A child whatever be his station, cannot command that respect and obedience, even from the meanest wretch, which would be paid his parent. And to be drove at the imperious call of such an one, must harrow up his feelings. His feelings! many slave holders would laugh at the word, they who have been taught and who teach their children to regard them as brutes, who only obey the calls of nature and who only are to be kept in order by cruelty and oppression. Time and hard treatment may break down the most undaunted spirit, and deaden the force of those feelings which nature has placed in every human breast, and which the poor despised persecuted slave, possesses in as great a degree as any other.

—the breast
Thrice chon-tinted, bears a crimson tide,
As pure, as clear, as Europe's sons can boast.
MRS. ROBINSON.

On the other hand, the labourer here, though he toils through the day, in the season when the sun imparts his greatest heat, yet he has every inducement to work with cheerfulness; he labours for himself, the benefit produced from his fatigue attaches to him, or if he works for another, he receives his pay which he may depart to enjoy in liberty and peace. Conscious of his many rights in this land of liberty, he knows none can insult him with impunity; he knows that he lives in a land where "the man who wears an honest heart has a charm too potent for tyranny to humble."

But is the situation of a slave in America as much ameliorated as we are led to believe? is he comfortably provided for, and not worked till the powers of nature will no longer support him? does he not, yet endure many evils in comparison with which loss of liberty is but trifling? How much would the philanthropist rejoice could he answer no! The interest of our planters more than their humanity, has induced them partially to mitigate their situation. But it has not been general, "hard and cruel is their lot" in many parts of the United States. The manufacture of indigo, as I am informed soon materially injures those concerned in it, and in the course of a few years destroys them. The pines of North Carolina can bear witness to their hardships; the fields of Virginia have seen them sinking with fatigue, yet fearing the consequences of their weakness.

The period will soon arrive when the authority of Congress will put a final stop to the importation of slaves. But till that time, what thousands will be poured into South Carolina and from thence be distributed among the other States. O! that the wished for time could be hastened, that the day could be made quickly to arrive, the day which will excite such pleasing emotions in the hearts of the virtuous.

Humanity! from thee the suppliant claims
The meed of retribution! thy pure flame
Would light the sense opaque and warm the
spring
Of boundless extacy; while nature's laws,
So violated, plead immortal-tongued,
For her dark fated children; lead them forth
From bondage infamous! Bid reason own
The dignities of man, what'er his clime,
Estate or colour.

Progress of LIBERTY.

The southren planters are generally found to be great Republicans or Democrats. No people have been more loud in their cries concerning the rights of man.—The Spartans used to put the

Helotes (their slaves) into a state of beastly intoxication, that their children by having this vice exhibited in its proper colours before, their eyes might the easier avoid it; and it should seem that the slave holders are in the same manner rendered, jealous of their liberties and rights, by viewing the situation of the slaves around them. Yours,

FLORIAN.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

MR. SCOTT,

Looking over a recent Charleston Paper, my attention was attracted by the following "Extract from a Tour through France," if you deem it worthy insertion in the Repository, it is at your service. S.

EXTRACT

FROM A TOUR THROUGH FRANCE.

CONVENT OF BLUE NUNS—DUCHESS DE BIRON—THE BLOODY KEY.

"THE English Convent, or as it is called, the Convent, of the Blue Nuns, in the Rue de St. Victoire, is the only establishment of the kind, which throughout the Republic, has survived the revolution. To what cause its exclusive protection is attributable, is not, I believe, correctly known. But, though this spot of sacred seclusion, has escaped the hard stroke of extermination, it has sustained an ample share of the general desolation. During the time of terror, it was converted into a crowded prison of the Female Nobility, who were here confined, and afterwards dragged from its cloisters, and butchered by the guillotine, or the daggers of assassins. I had a letter of introduction to Mrs. S—, one of the sisterhood, a lady of distinguished family in England. I found her in the refectory. A dignified dejection overspread her countenance, and her figure seemed much emaciated by the scenes of horror through which she had passed. She informed me, that when the Nuns were in a state of arrestation, by order of Robespierre, the Convent was so crowded with prisoners, that they were obliged to eat their wretched meals in three different divisions.—The places of the unhappy beings who were led off to execution, were immediately filled by fresh victims.

"Amongst those who suffered was the beautiful young Duchesse de Biron, said to be one of the loveliest women of the French Court. Her fate was singular and horrible. One morning two of the

assistant executioners came into one of the rooms, and called up the female citizen Biron to come forward, meaning the old Dutchesse de Biron, the mother, who was here immured with her daughter; some one said which of them do you require; the hell hounds replied, "Our order was for one only, but as their are two, we will have both, that there may be no error." The mother and daughter were taken away locked senseless in each other's arms. When the cart which carried them arrived at the foot of the scaffold, the chief executioner looked at his paper, which contained a list of his victims, and saw the name of only one Biron; the assistants informed him that they found two of that name in the Convent, and to prevent mistake, they had brought both. The principal with perfect *sang froid*, said it was all well, wrote with a pencil the article "les," before the name Biron, to which he added an s, and immediately beheaded both!!

"Mrs. S— led me to the chapel to show me the havoc which the unsparing impious hands of the revolution had there produced. She put into my hands an immense massy key to open the door of the choir. "That key," said she, "was made for the master key of the Convent, by the order of Robespierre. In the time of terror our gaoler wore it at his belt. A thousand times has my soul sunk within me, when it loudly pushed the bolt of the lock aside. When the door opened, it was either a signal to prepare for instant death to some of those who were within, or for the purpose of admitting new victims. When we entered the chapel, my surprize and abhorrence were equally excited. The windows were beaten through, the hangings were flapping in the wind, the altar was shattered in pieces and prostrate, the pavement was every where torn up, and caves of the dead were still yawning upon us. From their solemn and hallowed depths, the mouldering relics of the departed had been raised by torch light and heaped in frightful piles of unfinished decay against the walls, for the purpose of converting the lead, which contained these wretched fragments of mortality, into balls for the musketry of the revolution. The gardens behind the chapel must once have been very pleasant, but they then had the appearance of a wilderness. The painful uncertainty of many years, had occasioned the neglect and ruin in which I saw them. Some of the

Nuns were reading upon shattered seats under overgrown bowers, and others were walking in the melancholy shade of neglected avenues. The effect of the whole was gloomy and sorrowful, and fully confirmed the melancholy recital which I had received from Mrs. S—.

A PEASANT AND AN EMPEROR.

A PERSIAN emperor when hunting, perceived a very old man planting a walnut tree, and advancing towards him asked his age. The peasant replied, "I am four years old." An attendant rebuked him for uttering such absurdities in the presence of the Emperor. "You censure me without cause," replied the peasant, "I did not speak without reflection, for the wise do not reckon that time which has been lost in folly and the cares of the world; I therefore consider that to be my real age, which has been passed in serving the Deity, and discharging my duty to society. The emperor struck with the singularity of the remark, observed, "Thou canst not hope to see the trees thou art planting come to perfection."—"True," answered the sage, "but since others have planted that we might eat, it is right that we should plant for the benefit of others."—"Excellent," exclaimed the emperor; upon which, as was the custom whenever any one was honored with the applause of the sovereign, a purse bearer presented the old man with a thousand pieces of gold. On receiving them, the shrewd peasant made a low obedience, and added, "O king, other men's trees come to perfection in the space of forty years, but mine have produced fruit as soon as they were planted." "Bravo said the monarch, and a second purse of gold was presented, when the old man exclaimed, "The trees of others bear fruit only once a year, but mine yielded two crops in one day"—"Delightful!" replied the emperor, and a third purse of gold was given; after which putting spurs to his horse, the monarch retreated, saying reverend father, I dare not stay longer, lest thy wit should extinguish my treasury."

EXTRACT,

FROM CARR'S STRANGER IN PARIS.

A LITTLE anecdote is related of Bonaparte, which unfolded the bold and daring character of this extraordinary

man in early life: When he was about sixteen years of age, and a cadet in the military school at Paris—by the by, the small distance between the seminary and his present palace, and the swiftness of his elevation afford a curious coincidence; in the first plain of the Champ de Mars, the court and the Parisians were assembled to witness the ascent of a balloon. Bonaparte made his way through the croud, and unperceived, entered the inner fence, which contained the apparatus for inflating the silken globe. It was then very nearly filled, and restrained from its flight by the last cord only. The young cadet requested the aeronaut to permit him to mount the car with him: which request was immediately refused, from an apprehension that the feelings of the boy might embarrass the experiment. Bonaparte is reported to have exclaimed "I am young, it is true, but I neither fear the powers of earth, or air" and sternly added, "will you let me ascend?" The aeronaut, a little offended at this obtrusion, sharply replied, "No sir, I will not: I beg that you will retire." Upon which the little enraged officer drew a small sabre which he wore with his uniform, instantly cut the balloon in several places, and destroyed the curious apparatus which the aeronaut had constructed with infinite labour and ingenuity, for the purpose of trying the possibility of aerial navigation.

Paris was almost unpeopled this day to view the spectacle. The disappointment of the populace, which was said to have exceeded seven hundred thousand persons, became violent and universal. The king sent to know the reason of the tumult; when the story was related to him, the good-humored monarch laughed heartily and said, "Upon my word that impetuous boy, will make a brave officer."—The devoted king little thought that he was speaking of his successor. The young offender was put under arrest, and confined for four days.

THE PILLOW.

WHAT a delicious balm is diffused over the whole frame when the candle is extinguished, and the head on the pillow! If, on a strict scrutiny of the soul, we cannot discover any thing which could offend our fellow creature, then sleep is almost a celestial reverie.

It is never so delicious, or so tranquil, as after a day on which we have performed some good act, or when we are consci-

ous of having spent it in some useful or substantial employment.

The instant the head is laid on the pillow, is that in which conscience delivers its decrees. If it has conceived any evil design, it is surrounded with thorns; the softest down is hard under the restless head of the wicked. In order to be happy, a man must be on good terms with his pillow: for the nightly reproaches it can make must be heard.

We must be happy or miserable at night by recollection. Memory recalls our faults and negligences, and this should put us into a method to avoid them for they will not lose sight of us, they will banish sleep from our eyes, they will intrude in our dreams, they will fatigue us, in order to teach us that there is neither repose nor happiness but in the harmony of an upright conduct, and in the exercise of charity.

Happy is he who can say, when he lies down,—No man can reproach me with his affliction, his misfortune, or his captivity; I have not injured the reputation of any one; I have paid due respect to the property of others, the certain pledge of the repose of families; and the laborer's hire has never remained in my hands at sun-setting, according to the expression of Scripture.

Those testimonies of conscience those internal enjoyments of soul, give a delicious repose, and a still more delicious awaking.

READY WIT.

A COURT buffoon, having offended his sovereign, the monarch ordered him to be brought before him, and with a stern countenance, reproaching him with his crime, said to him, "Wretch! receive the punishment you merit, prepare for death!" The culprit, in great terror, fell on his knees, and cried for mercy. "I will extend no mercy other to you," replied the prince, "except permitting you to choose what kind of death you will die; decide immediately for I will be obeyed." "I adore your clemency," said the crafty jester, "I choose to die of OLD AGE."

Philadel^a, July 21, 1804.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Now in the press of John W. Scott, and in a few days will be published "A Preliminary Essay on the Oppression of the Exiled Sons of Africa." This work is written by Thomas Brangan, a citizen of Philadelphia,

formerly a slave-trader to Africa, and planter in Antigua; and contains facts which the author not only saw, but also in which he was himself an actor, the inhumanity of which, induced him, from conscientious motives, to relinquish a lucrative situation in the W. Indies: It is in some respects introductory to a Poem, on the same subject, which he is now preparing for the press and intends publishing by subscription. Pecuniary motives do not influence the author thus to come before the public; he merely wishes to remunerate his expenses:—Dictated by a laudable zeal for contributing his mite towards the suppression of this species of unwarrantable tyranny, and actuated by a desire to aid the cause of humanity, he is induced to publish this Essay, as also the Poem.—The present work is printing in a handsome 12mo. volume, of about 220 pages. The Poem will be published in duodecimo, printed on a new type, and elegant wove paper; to contain about 350 pages, at one Dollar in boards. Subscriptions for the latter work will be received at the Printing Office of John W. Scott, and by various persons with whom subscription papers will be lodged.

BIBLE SOCIETY.

A society was formed in London on the 7th of March, in the present year, with this designation:—*The British and Foreign Bible Society.* This society proposes to itself one grand and simple object, viz. to promote the circulation of the scriptures, without commentary or preface, in the principal living languages; and such regulations will be adopted, as may both permit and invite the co-operation of christians in general, without the least distinction of party. This having been understood to be the great principle upon which it was proposed that the society should be formed, several persons of influence, connected with various religious denominations came forward on the day appointed for the first general meeting, at the London tavern, and the contributions already made, amount to near a thousand pounds. Grandville Sharp, esq. was in the chair; and Henry Thornton, esq. M. P. was chosen treasurer to the society. In pursuance of the broad and legal plan upon which the society is formed, three secretaries of different denominations have been appointed, viz. the rev. Josiah Pratt, lecturer of the united parishes of St. Mary, Woolnoth and St. Mary, Woolchurch; the rev. Joseph Hughes, minister of a dissenting congregation at Battersea; and the rev. Ch. Fred. Steinkopff, minister of the Lutheran church in the Savoy.

MARRIED—On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Abercrombie, Mr. George Davis, to Mrs. Sarah Campbell, both of this city.

—Same evening by the Rev. Mr. Gray, Doctor John Howell, of Trenton (N. J.) to Miss Lydia Taylor, of this city.

—On Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Gray, Mr. William Morris, merchant of Baltimore, to Miss Elizabeth Watt, of Scotland.

—On Wednesday evening 4th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Potts, Mr. Isaac Davis, to Miss Mary McGinley, both of Southwark.

DIED—On Monday morning last, after a lingering and painful illness, Mrs. Susanna Warrall wife of Mr. Joseph Worrell, of this city.

—On Thursday morning last, in the 18th year of her age, Miss Mary Byrne, youngest daughter of Mr. P. Byrne bookseller of this city. In her early death her friends have to lament the loss of one whose amiable disposition, agreeable manners and finished education rendered her a cheerful and desirable companion.

—On Saturday last, near Carlisle (Pennsylv^a) Mrs. Margaret Marshall relict of the late Rev. Wm. Marshall, pastor of the Associate Presbyterian church in this city.

ed! Medicine was racked to invent new remedies—alas! in vain! every effort towards her relief was ineffectual—and in a short time I beheld my last treasure stretched on that bed, from which she was destined never again to rise! Then it was that I discovered how indescribably dear she was to my fond heart—then it was that I beheld with horror her little arms stretched in vain towards me, as if imploring my assistance? I saw her lovely blue eyes fixed upon me in the hour of dissolution—I heard my name pronounced in the moment of most severe suffering—I saw death approach with rapid strides, and nature, no longer able to sustain herself, sink in the mortal conflict! I saw the convulsion of death gradually extend itself over her fragile form! and even in this *last* moment I heard, or imagined I heard, the angel pronounce my name.

‘It was a last effort of expiring nature,’ and my heart tells me it was no illusion! Yes, my beloved treasure! we shall meet again—I shall again behold thee ‘where the wicked cease from troubling, where the weary are at rest!’—a little, a very little time, and the mercy of God, and the merits of our Saviour, shall reunite us! Sometimes I imagine that my sweet blossom was sensible of my undeviating affection for her; I sometimes think she attempted to make known her own! Yet I rejoice that she was too young to be conscious of my affliction—too young to be sensible that our separation would be eternal.* Ah! think not that an affliction like this passed lightly away!—No; tho’ I was certain of my child’s felicity, though I resigned myself to the

* It is the observation of a worthy Divine, that when you are deprived of any of those blessings which the Father of Light (from whom cometh down every perfect gift), once allowed us to call our own; our pleasures, indeed, are abridged, but the change which we feel, will appear to us to arise from our experience of the divine goodness, the more precious the gift was in our eyes, and the longer we were permitted to retain it, the more largely we have tasted of the loving kindness of him, by whom it was bestowed, and over against the many days of sorrow, which you conceive to lay before you, you will think it fair to set the many hours of tranquility and pleasure with which that possession has cheered the house of your pilgrimage. “He soothes your anguish (continues the writer we have before quoted) by that healing power time possesses; he raises up other objects of affliction, or other cares, which by a happy distraction turns away your minds from that over which you would wish to brood! Precious in the sight of the Lord are the tears of his saints! and if this over-ruling providence should visit you with any of those complications of personal and domestic misfortunes, by which he trieth the faith of his people; ye shall know that tribulation worketh patience, patience experience, and experience hope.”

will of the Almighty, and endeavoured to think, “it was good for me to be afflicted,” yet I could not cease to regret her; every object which presented itself to my view, served only to remind me of my loss. I could not but remember, “that such things were, and were most precious to me.” Alas! those days, were indeed for ever “fled, when the thoughts of again beholding her awoke me to joy, when I regarded the light with a feeling approaching to extacy, and when during the rest of the day I was happy!” Yes, solitude was indeed happiness; when blessed with her society lassitude fled at her approach—in her presence I felt my youth renewed; how often have I with rapture flung myself on the ground, to see my sweet cherub follow, and wantonly throw herself upon me; how often have I beheld her with a disinterestedness unusual in *children* of her age, give to every one present, sweet-meats I had procured for her; and even at this present moment fancy presents her to my view, lifting up her little mouth towards me, when I have requested her to signify her wishes by a kiss. Sad, my son, was the reverse I now experienced, yet to me alone did the fate of my Clara make any material difference; my neighbours pursued their labours with their usual alacrity; the sun shone with a mild radiance, denoting the return of spring—Alas! the universal gaiety of nature saddened and distracted me, I sat myself down in my solitary apartment; I pictured my Clara sporting beside me, and then gave vent to the anguish of my soul in wild and imperfect verse:—

STEAL softly, O ye winds, where my Clara is laid,
And lie lightly, O earth! on her breast;
Let no mortal unhallow’d with footsteps invade
The sad spot where my darling finds rest.

Lovely smile, of my sweet one, oh where art thou
flow’n?

On ~~thy~~ face no mild bloom now appears,
For the lily was cropp’d ere the roses were blown,,
And this cheek is deep furrow’d with tears.

Heavy sighs from a heart, sick with anguish oppress’d,
And sad tears shall continue to flow,
Till I join thee, dear Clara, in mansions of rest,
And resign pain, and sorrow, and woe.

Glad all nature, shall hail the return of the spring,
Lovely innocent childhood be gay,
While each look and each gambol, to fancy shall bring
My dear Clara, the queen of the May.

When mankind are at rest, and when labour is o’er,
And when nature is sunk in repose,
Then I think of my Clara, my Clara no more,
Whose sweet cheek bore the bloom of the rose.

In the glare of the day, and in visions of night.
Still in fancy my Clara I see,
And when deep sunk in slumber, an angel of light,
Fondly picture my Clara to be.

Sweetly sportive her fondness, how playful her smile,
How my heart was elated with joy;
How deceptions was hope, who a’lur’d to beguile,
Base delighting my bliss to destroy.

O my Clara! no more shall thy form with delight,
Fond be press’d to the bosom of love;
O, no more shall thy voice break the silence of night!
For thou reignest an angel above.

Where’s the joy and the comfort I once could receive,
Where’s the heart full of mirth and of glee?
Where’s the song and the dance which enliven’d the
eye,

When my Clara was present to see?

What in morn can delight what in eve can rejoice,
Naught can Clara my fondling restore;
Can the mute ear of rapture attend to her voice?
That sweet voice will be never heard more.

Ah! no longer thy music, my Clara, can charm,
And no longer thy gambols I see;
No paternal affection this bosom can warm,
All is lost, my best treasure in thee.

O fond dreams of felicity, where are you gone?
O sad anguish, thy seat is my heart;
O sweet child of affection, no more to be known,
On this earth we are destin’d to part.

Wast thou beautiful? lovely as angels of light?
Yes, emblem of cherubim sweet!

Shall I see thee again? yes, our hearts shall unite,
And our joy be unceasing and great.

For to realms of true glory thy spirit is flown,
There from sorrow and pain to be free,
There to meet the Almighty, and face to face known,
His bless’d son, thy Redeemer, to see.

In felicity great, shall thy innocence rest,
And delight in glad mansions of joy;
While the pang of regret shall still heave in this breast,
And memory its pleasure destroy.

Lovely Clara, my fondling, sweet child of delight!
Now bless’d Clara, for ever adieu!
For my sun is o’er-clouded, with me it is night,
What is life, since deprived of you.

Sick of the world and its disappointments, I now turn my mind towards the duties of religion, and the performance of my business in my newly acquired station. And here, my son, suffer me to remark to you, that time and after-experience have convinced me, that my piety was not, as it ought to have been, a rational, wide, and expanded stream, which having its source in the goodness of Providence, branched out in overflowings of charity towards mankind—alas! far from it! it become, from my solitary situation, and the misfortunes of my past life, strongly tinged with enthusiasm: it was morbid, gloomy, and unsocial. Desolate and forlorn, I became superstitious; my affections gradually concentrated in myself, and my heart being continually occupied by, and filled with its own sorrows, ceased to feel for that of others. It is nearly impossible to describe the apathy which at times pervaded my mind: The acute misery I had so long endured appeared to have produced a kind of weariness or lassitude, and by

straining every nerve and faculty beyond its natural tensility, had reduced it to a state of torpor and inactivity nearly approaching to imbecility.—I erected a monument in the chapel of the castle to the memory of my darling; daily, hourly nightly, did I visit it, and pour out my soul in orisons to the Omnipotent. It was consecrated with tears of the tenderest affection and deepest affliction! it was the witness of my ardent and unfeigned devotion. Here did I first pray for the blessing of resignation—and here did I first learn to humble my heart to the dispensations of Providence—and here I received consolation! I delighted in the idea of perpetuating the memory of the innocence I lamented, and I placed on the monument the following inscription:—

Sacred to the Memory of Infant Innocence, which quitted this World for a better, on the 30th of January, 1777, aged 16 Months.

LOVELY infant born to die,
Heir of immortality!
Child of sorrow, child of care,
Where's thy fleeting spirit—where?

Gone from earth to realms of joy,
Gone to bliss without alloy,
Gone to smile in heav'nly rest,
Gone to sleep on mercy's breast.

Beck'ning angels point my way,
To regions of eternal day;
Kindred spirits fondly greet,
Thy approach, at mercy's seat.

Sixteen moons thy sand was done,
Sixteen moons thy race was run;
Short thy date, yet thou shalt gain,
Life from death, and joy from pain.

Human cares, and sorrows o'er,
Thou shalt smile to weep no more,
Vain thy father's ardent prayer,
Vain his tears, his fond despair.

Vain alas! his anxious grief,
Sorrow could not bring relief:
God the Lord, had fix'd thy doom,
Child of mis'ry in the tomb.

There to rest, till Christ shall cry—
"Rise to immortality!"
Cast thy cumb'ring flesh away,
Rise, behold eternal day.

"Cast off earth, and earthly sin,
I have cleans'd thy cup within;
I have purg'd from fleshly lust,
Lie no longer in the dust.

"Vital spirit, quick arise,
View thy mansion in the skies;
Christ has fix'd thy seat above,
Bosom'd in Almighty love!"

It was at this crisis in my destiny, if I may so call it, when the mind, wearied by much action (like the sea after a violent storm), was suddenly calm, that the Almighty presented you to my view, and raised up to me a son in my old age; 'Blessed be the Lord for his goodness, and the wonders that he doeth for the chil-

dren of men!' It was on the 30th of January, 1778, exactly twelve months after the loss of my beautiful child, that having risen earlier than usual, visited the chapel, and offered up my accustomed devotions at the tomb of my lost treasure, I felt a serene satisfaction diffuse itself over my mind, and I wandered towards the sea-shore, in gratefulness of heart, blessing God for the composure he had given me. The preceding night had been particularly stormy, and I now perceived a small fishing smack bearing towards land, to all appearance destitute of compass to steer, or hands to row her into port, but as it were veering to and fro with every gale, and seemingly much damaged by the preceding night's storm. I immediately determined to use all possible means for her preservation; but while all the hands we could muster were putting off with this intention, Providence frustrated their hopes, and a sudden squall springing up, blew her so violently towards land, that before they could possibly reach her, she struck upon a rock on that side of the beach immediately opposite the Earn Islands. After many fruitless attempts, some of our men got on board, and soon returned with yourself and a few ship's stores, which was every thing of value which they could discover. You were folded in a costly mantle, which I have ever since carefully preserved, in hopes that it might one day lead to a discovery of your birth. O Lewisham! my heart from the first moment I beheld you, yearned towards you, and it gradually dilated as I fixed my eyes, on your innocent face, until the genial current which had been so long repressed, became too much for my labouring heart, and I burst into a violent flood of tears. You appeared at that time to be nearly seven months old. I now formed the resolution of becoming a parent to you, for I had no wish to discover those who had so cruelly deserted you until your mind should be formed and your judgment matured: in all probability they were undeserving of you, since they could be tempted to forsake you. I recalled to my memory that time when neither the convulsions of the elements, or the expostulations of my companions, had power to tear my Clara from my fond arms, when fortune, and even life itself, was considered as a small sacrifice in competition with the preservation of my darling—when I had vowed either to carry her with me into the long-boat, or, trusting to the mercy of the storm, re-

main with her on board the wreck. O! then it was that I experienced the powerful effects of parental happiness, when commanded to bring my treasure along with me, how did I offer up my thanks to the Almighty for turning the hearts of my comrades! how did I press my fondling to my throbbing bosom, and watch every turn of her expressive countenance! and how did I shelter and support her from the severity of the weather!—At this moment you stretched out your little arm towards me—I once more grew interested in life, and reconciled to the world. Days, months, years, now rapidly advanced, unmarked by any material occurrence. You improved in understanding, in beauty, and goodness: I loved you with more than parental regard—you repaid my affection: you quitted me for the prosecution of your studies at the University—you returned, and again left me. The period is now nearly arrived when I purpose you shall enter into life; ere that time I design to visit London. I have still some friends—to you, my son, their patronage may be useful. I am old, and life in its best stage, is uncertain—if I should never behold you again, these memoirs may be useful to you. I trust the sun of happiness may shine on you with a more certain and lasting beam than that which only faintly, and at long and distant intervals, irradiated the path of your friend! Alas! my son, perfect felicity is the lot of immortality! Be virtuous—and that will bring you peace in your last hour. Lewisham! I have educated you in habits of morality: I have inculcated in your young mind the precepts of religion and virtue: God has gifted you with talents and understanding—O cast not away his bounty!"

And now, having brought my readers safely to the conclusion of the lieutenant's history, I shall refer them to the next chapter for Lewisham's reflections on it.

The present *fashionable criterion* for judging of the moral and intellectual qualities of a man, is not his countenance but his *dress*. There goes a *sly close dog*, (says one) his hands are always in his *pockets*. That's an *open-hearted generous fellow*, (says another) he never *buttons his waistcoat*.

OBSERVATION.—Marriage reaps, in one day, all the flowers which love has cultivated for several years.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

ELGIAC LINES occasioned by seeing the Death of
MISS MARY BYRNE

announced in the Repository of Saturday last.

FAIN would my muse begin th' elegiac verse,
And breathe a sigh, a sad, but sole relief;
Whilst mourning over Mary's early hearse,
I'll shed the tributary tear of grief.
And is she gone! forever gone from hence!
On cherub's wings her spirit flown to heav'n?
And shall affliction prompt the great offence,
To mourn for happiness to Mary giv'n?
Ah no! yet nature's softness asks a tear,
Affection's tribute to departed worth;
This is bestow'd by those who held her dear;
This shall embalm her now she sleeps in earth.
Oft as reflection brings to mind the bliss
Her converse gave her now bereav'd inmates,
Let stoic feelings deem it not amiss,
That retrospective love a sigh creates.

ALVINIUS.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

THE SCRIBLER.—No. XV.

Fama volat, viresque acquirit eundo. VIRGIL.
How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest. COLLINS.

THE love of fame is dear to every human heart. It is engrafted in the very nature of man; its dictates are imperious and must be obeyed. Some, possessed of great souls, and mighty genius, are led by its influence to achieve glorious actions and become benefactors of mankind. In the breast of inexperienced youth, fame has a dwelling, and even in the man of the most selfish and contracted mind. With this last, its influence is of least avail in producing benefits to mankind. Although he wishes to become conspicuous and to attract admiration and applause, yet from his very nature, the means which he takes to gain this end, *must* be some from which advantages will ultimately attach to himself, without regarding what happiness or misery they may cause to others. Should he make any discovery by which the manufactures of his country might be benefited, or by which science and learning might be promoted; he rejoices from two motives, he gains reputation as an ingenious man, or as a benefactor of literature.—But his rejoicings are far greater from a consideration of the probable pecuniary advantages he may derive from it. This was the first and greatest object he had in

view, this it was which prompted him to use the most unceasing exertions to gain the desired end. But fame is always placed in the prospect before him, and he looks forward to the time when he shall be enrolled with those whom she has made conspicuous.

In minds which are naturally weak and feeble, which are incapable of any great exertion, and which are unable to encompass any great object; nothing, of course, can be expected which would astonish the world. But fame dwells with these also, and they seek to hear her whisperings, by various little exploits, or charitable actions, which might gain them some *eclat* among those with whom they associate. The school-boy too has this universal principle acting in his breast; one seeks praise, by his diligence and industry, and by surpassing his comrades by his superior excellence in study; another derives his pleasure and fame from his mischievous pranks which excite merriment among them. Of these two characters, this much may be said of the latter; that he will have most friends, as all like those who amuse them, and the former will have enemies among those who envy his superior talents, or who are disgusted with the arrogance and contemptuous behaviour, which is too often assumed by those who feel themselves possessed of greater abilities and knowledge than their cotemporaries.

But though the love of fame is so universal, I would not be understood to mean it as the only principle which leads men to do good and virtuous actions. Though it acts as a strong incentive, yet there are those who "follow virtue even for virtue's sake." The good man knows that "men approach nearer divinity in nothing, than doing good to their fellow creatures."* Charity, humanity, bade him to assist the helpless in secret, to enjoy the pleasing commendation of his own mind. But such noble characters are not long permitted to do good in secret, their beneficence, their charity, become topics of conversation, fame enrolls them on her list of worthies, and they command the veneration and esteem of mankind.

Rise! muses rise! add all your tuneful breath,
These must not sleep in darkness and in death.

POPE.

They however who live longest on the list of fame, are those heroes who have fought for their country, and whose glorious actions have obtained her freedom.

* *Homines in nullo re proprius accedunt deos, quam salutem hominibus dando.* Cicero.

Those statesmen enlightened and good, who, by wise and just laws, have maintained order and happiness; who, while living, are happy in seeing the happy effects of their exertions; and who, when dying, have the pleasing remembrance that their fame will live forever. It was thus with our great father of his country; how sublime and elevating must have been his thoughts even on the bed of death! his memory can never die.

—fame can twine
No brighter laurels round his glorious head.

LEONIDAS.

Though we believe that man in the grave is insensible to the voice of honour, that he neither "feels it nor hears it," though this be the case, yet there scarcely exists the man who would not wish to be remembered when he should be returned to dust. It is a pleasing, consoling, transporting thought, that his name should be recured to with admiration and respect when he should be no more.

The man whom America has just lost, and whose loss every American is deploring, will long live in the remembrance of his countrymen, and the world. There is now in the United States no man, however high his station or abilities, whose death would be so sincerely and generally lamented, as General HAMILTON. Possessed of all those dignified qualities, which could command respect and veneration, possessed of all those amiable ones which could command esteem and love, he, since the death of WASHINGTON, stood alone in his country, superior to all others. His mighty and energetic mind which (to use the expression of one of his most sincere friends and admirers) at times appeared as luminous as that of an angel! enabled him to call into action all the resources of government, at a time when all was confusion. His eloquence as a speaker at the bar, was unrivaled, it was rapid and irresistible.—But I desist, let those competent to the task, and better acquainted with his character, place it in its true light, and discover him to be, as he really was, the ardent well-wisher and benefactor of his country. Let the man whose littleness of soul will not permit him to make allowances for the failings, and weakness, inherent in man, attempt to detract from his merit by recuring to the manner of his death; but in every person of a liberal mind it will only excite a sigh on reflecting that "nature has left her noblest works imperfect."*

P.

* Dr. Langhorne.

THE VINDICTIVE MOOR:

AN AFRICAN TALE.

SOME years since, in the interior parts of Africa, near Abyssinia, lived two Princes, who ruled over a large tract of territory, which was only divided by a ridge of mountains; the eldest was called Harouin, and the younger Giaffer: The good qualities of the former were very conspicuous, both in private and public life; he was a father to his subjects, and possessed a temper so duly proportioned with justice and clemency, that Nature seemed to have peculiarly fitted him for the high office he was vested with. With all these virtues, it is not a little strange, that he was one of the most vindictive of mankind, and this from religiously observing a promise he made his father, who said to him on his death-bed: 'Son, you have seen the miseries of my reign. I have learnt too late the cause of them; but that you may be happier, remember it is my dying request, that you never should forgive an injury.' This injunction, delivered in so solemn a manner, had that weight, with the then young Prince, that he determined wholly to fashion his conduct by it; and custom gave him at length an unalterable bent of mind to obey. His natural goodness, however, long prevented his having any opportunity of putting into practice his purposed resolution; but, at length, it happened that he had an occasion, and indeed a most melancholy one; but such an one withal as rendered it impossible for him a long time to act according to his determination. The event was this:

Mahomed, his eldest and most beloved son, one day, in his usual diversion of hunting, was engaged with his attendants in the chace of a lioness, who ran before him across the mountains, which divided his father's dominions from those of Giaffer, and which it was by the laws of both nations death for the subjects of either to pass, without leave from the Monarch, whose territories they entered; the Prince, however, young and eager after his sport, without considering the consequences, trod upon at once the mountains and the laws, and, crossing them, killed his prey on the other side: Proud of his victory, he was now turning to his attendants to call them about him, but found himself, alas! alone, and by this time surrounded by a party sent out by the Governor of the frontier-town to apprehend him.

In fine, he was made a prisoner, and, without a trial, led to execution. The punishment on this occasion was death, after a varied scene of torture: The Prince in vain, told them his condition; the savage Governor thought him but the more guilty for that, and persisted in his orders for immediate execution. The unfortunate Prince was, in short, stretched on the scaffold, the skin of his feet stripped, one hand, one ear, and his nose cut off; when orders came from Giaffer, who had by this time heard of it, not to touch him, but dismiss him honourably with presents, and send him, with the victim of his courage carried before him, in triumph to the Court of his father.

The unfortunate Prince was at this immediately untied, and given into the care of the abbot surgeon; a message of condolence sent to his father, and Giaffer came to him in prison; excused the crime with tears, and made him the next day sit and see the Governor, who had been the author of it, suffer death with the same tortures. After this, when he was recovered of his wounds, he was sent home with honours ten times greater than those before intended him, and letters from Giaffer, representing his detestation of what had been done in the strongest colours, and giving circumstantial accounts of the whole proceeding against the Governor, who had dared to authorize it.

But what was the distraction of Harouin, on seeing his beloved son thus deformed and mangled! Paternal fondness, and his darling revenge, long combated within him which should be greater; he received with a sullen silence the letters of the King, his neighbour; and, his grief and anger being both too great for words, sent away the messengers without an answer.

Giaffer, who was a Monarch of great mildness, knew how to pity the distresses of human Nature on so agonizing an occasion, and looked on all as the effect of grief alone too great for words. Harouin on the other hand found his afflictions doubled, in that he was too weak to attack his neighbour openly in war, and spent his life in fruitless attempts to revenge himself privately; all intercourse was forbid between the two kingdoms, and rewards offered by Harouin to all who should destroy, or any way injure, the subjects of Giaffer. A series of years were after this spent, on Harouin's part, with fruitless attempts to annoy, and, on Giaffer's, in earnest wishes to make some

amends to the injured Mahomed, whose generous behaviour, while under cure for his wounds, and open forgiveness, and offers of friendship at his departure, had left an indelible image of virtue and true greatness in his breast. The revengeful temper of the father was indeed wholly unknown to Giaffer, or, had it not, would have been lost in the remembrance of the amiable sweetness of the Prince.

In the height of these reflections, it happened that the only son of Giaffer died: After the usual time of mourning for him, the afflicted father, who had now none but a female offspring, thought he could not do a greater good to his country, or make a nobler amends to the injured Mahomed, than by giving him his daughter in marriage, and making him his heir. His dominions were of more than ten times the extent and greatness of Harouin's, and he doubted not the good reception of the offer; so at once fixed a day, invited all the principal persons of his own nation, and desired his neighbouring Prince to bring his son and all his friends to solemnize the marriage, and witness the act of settlement, by which he gave him, as his daughter's portion, the inheritance of his dominions.

The Prince who had seen and indeed loved the Lady, and had the most tender sense of the kindness of Giaffer to him in his afflictions, received this news with the most sincere delight imaginable; and Harouin, who, since his son's affliction had never been seen to smile, openly expressed his satisfaction in it. On the day appointed, the bridegroom, attended by his father and four hundred of the principal people of his kingdom, went to Giaffer, who led out the bride to meet them, and, in the presence of twice that number of his own principal subjects, delivered her and the right of inheritance of his dominions to Mahomed, and, then turning to the father, said, 'You are sensible how far I was from having any share in the guilt of my subject, whose cruelty to your son I have ever since lamented; and I am now most happy that I have it in my power to make some amends for it, and, at the same time, ally myself to so noble a Prince and to so just and good a Monarch as yourself.'

Harouin received this compliment with a sullen joy, and only answered, 'we will drink together all of us to my son's happiness, and then my heart will be at rest.' And taking up a bowl, and delivering another to his son, he said to Giaffer, 'We who are Kings will drink our mutual

wishes in the same cup, and let all the rest in single bowls follow our example; when we are laid in peace and ashes, he will be happy.' Saying this, he drank a hearty draught, and Giaffer, receiving the cup from him, swallowed the remainder; the rest all followed their example, and beheld in a short time after, the place was strewn with dead carcasses. In short, the bride, the Prince and several of the Nobles fell together, the two Kings and a few of their followers only remaining alive. Giaffer motionless as a statue stood fixed with sorrow too great for expression, while, on the other hand, Harouin, lifting up his eyes to Heaven, in fury and distraction, cried out for vengeance, and threw himself on the dead body of his son. Giaffer continued with silent horror looking on the dreadful prospect, when a slave of Harouin's threw himself at his feet, and trembling addressed him in these words:

'My Royal Master (said he) unknown to the Prince, poisoned all that was to be drunk, with a fatal herb on which nature has set so strong a mark of malignity that it even shrinks, as if alive, from the land that gathers it; but into the cup, out of which the Prince was to drink he put a certain remedy, some of the root of the same herb, intending thus to perish himself and involve all his friends, his son only excepted in the same destruction, in order to make sure of his revenge on you; but by my mistake I find he has delivered to the Prince a wrong cup, and taken for himself and you the draught of safety intended for his son alone.'

Harouin at this relation leapt from the ground, declared aloud the truth of it, and desired to die: To which, the afflicted Giaffer answered, 'No, monster, thou shalt live, and be that way a greater torment to thyself.' In fine, he had him immediately imprisoned, and secured from the means of death: He lived several years afterwards, in the most afflicting situation, and a dreadful warning to all others of the horrors of an unjust revenge.

THE DILEMMA;

Or, awkward situation of Married Women in the absence of their Husbands.

BY A WIDOW BEWITCH'D.

A LADY wishes to go to the play—it is not a fashionable one; she sends to one family—a member is sick; to another—they have an engagement; to a third—they have seen it, or are not in-

clined to see it:—she might go this round to eternity;—or there may be a family going, whom, if they were to ask her, she would be happy to accompany; but if she was to ask them, they might think they conferred a favour; and, as her ideas and their's might not coincide in that point, it stops.—A gentleman drops in, and, in the course of conversation, her wish to see the play escapes her:—he offers his services—she goes. If he is gay (I mean cheerful) and unmarried,—I wonder, exclaims Prudilla, that Mrs. Such-a-one would go with a rake!—If he is grave,—Ah! says another, that grave face of his is only a cloak.—If he is married (though the lady may be his wife's most intimate friend)—I wonder, says a little bit of ill-nature, who thinks all attention ought to centre in herself, I wonder how she can take a married man from his family!—Well, then, to avoid all this, she goes alone;—she is attended to the theatre, and seen safely seated in a box:—the ladies make remarks—

A poor forsaken She, you know,
Can do no credit to a beau.

The gentlemen are—No—I will not say they are impertinent on the occasion (for I have gone alone, and never experienced any such behavior)—The fable of the Old Man and his Ass occurs to one's mind—To please every body is to please nobody.

EXTRACT.

IT was my good fortune to be present at an entertaining conversation, between a lively married lady, not insensible to the burthen of a numerous family, whom I shall call *Euphrasia*, and a very amiable, but rather elderly virgin, whom I shall distinguish by the name of *Maranthe*.

After they had discussed with much good humour and vivacity the different comforts and troubles of their respective conditions, "If you old maids," said *Euphrasia*, "had but a just sense of all your advantages, you would be the most fortunate of human creatures."

"No, indeed," replied the judicious and warm-hearted *Maranthe*; "the wife, I confess, has her heavy load of anxieties, but the old maid is like a blasted tree in the middle of a wide common."

The force of this simile, and the pathetic tone with which it was uttered, by a woman of great sensibility made a very deep impression both on my imagination

and my heart; and I have said to myself, what can I do for this blasted tree? I cannot, indeed, transplant and cause it to blossom, but I will at least endeavour to raise a little fence around it which may take off in some measure, its neglected appearance, and not suffer the wild asses, who wander near it, to kick and wound it, as they so frequently do in the wanton gambols of their awkward vivacity.

LOVE AND JOY,

A TALE.

IN the happy period of the golden age, when all the celestial inhabitants descended to the earth, and conversed familiarly with mortals, among the most cherished of the heavenly powers were twins, the offspring of Jupiter, Love and Joy. Wherever they appeared, the flowers sprung up beneath their feet; the sun shone with a brighter radiance; and all nature seemed embellished by their presence. They were inseparable companions, and their growing attachment was favored by Jupiter, who had decreed, that a lasting union should be solemnized between them, soon as they were arrived at maturer years. But in the mean time, the sons of men deviated from their native innocence; vice and ruin over-ran the earth with giant strides; and *Astrea*, with her train of celestial visitors, forsook their polluted abodes. Love alone remained, having been stolen away by Hope, who was his nurse, and conveyed by her to the forests of Arcadia, where he was brought up among the shepherds. But Jupiter assigned him a different partner, and commanded him to espouse Sorrow, the daughter of Ate. He complied with reluctance; for her features were harsh and disagreeable, her eyes sunk; her forehead contracted into perpetual wrinkles; and her temples were covered with a wreath of cypress and wormwood.

From this union sprung a virgin, in whom might be traced a strong resemblance to both her parents; but the sullen and unamiable features of her mother were so mixed and blended with the sweetness of her father, that her countenance, though mournful, was highly pleasing. The maids and shepherds of the neighbouring plains gathered round and called her Pity. A red-breast was observed to build in the cabin where she was born; and while she was yet an infant, a dove, pursued by a hawk, flew into her bosom. This nymph had a de-

jected appearance—But so soft and gentle a mien that she was beloved to a degree of enthusiasm. Her voice was low and plaintive, but expressively sweet; and she loved to lie for hours together on the banks of some wild and melancholy stream, singing to her lute. She taught men to weep; for she took a strange delight in tears; and often, when the virgins of the hamlet were assembled at their evening sports, she would steal in among them, and captivate their hearts by her tales, full of a charming sadness. She wore on her head a garland, composed of her father's myrtles, twined with her mother's cypress.

One day, as she sat musing by the waters of Helicon, her tears by chance fell into the fountain; and ever since, the Muses' spring has retained a strong taste of the infusion. Pity was commanded by Jupiter to follow the steps of her mother through the world, dropping balm into the wounds she made, and bind up the hearts she had broken. She follows with her hair loose, her bosom bare and throbbing, her garment torn by the briars, and her feet bleeding with the roughness of the path. The nymph is mortal, for her mother is so; and when she has fulfilled her destined course upon the earth, they shall both expire together, and Love be again united to Joy, his immortal and long betrothed bride.

HINT TO MOTHERS

Who do not Nurse their own Offspring.

THE following fact is as well attested as it is singular.—Some country girls belonging to a village of the Spanish Cardaigne, situated upon the highest of the Pyrenean mountains, saw, as they were gathering wild spinage, a flock of Izarns, a species of Chamois goats, followed by their kids; they tried to catch one of the latter, and succeeded. The rest of the flock had fled: but, scarce had the poor captive bleated, when an Izarn was seen listening at a distance. This was the dam, whom the girl, that was possessed of the kid, tried by its means to draw nearer, and to catch. Climbing up a craggy rock with her prey, she shews it to the dam, who, at the cries of the young Izarn begins to approach, trembling; and, after retiring and returning several times, with repeated bleatings on both sides, at last yields to Nature, comes to her kid, and suffers herself, without resistance, to be tied by the female peasant. Forgetting her sav-

ageness, she allowed herself to be conducted wherever the villager pleased. But where is the wonder? The Izarn was a mother,—not a mere nurse.—*Era mare y no nourrice, la Izarda.*

TRIFLES.

A young man in the north of Ireland, who has lately come to the possession of a large estate left by an old uncle, a great miser, had the following intimation placed over his gate the very day he took possession of the mansion:—"This is to give notice, that the partnership which subsisted so many years in this house, between *wine and water*, is dissolved; and that from this day forward the *rud-dy God* shall appear in his own *native colour*."

A few years since, as a clergyman in company with some other gentlemen, were crossing Connecticut river, on the ice, the ice gave way and threatened them with an immersion—the Clergyman was exceedingly frightened and immediately turned pale, they however reached the shore safe, when one of the gentlemen expressed his surprise that so good and so eminent a man as the Rev. Mr. S. should show so much pusillanimity upon so slight an emergency. "Ah!" said the Rev. Sir, "I cannot be reconciled, to go to heaven by water."

There is a particular propensity inherent in us all, the effects of which are the same, but the mode of application extremely dissimilar, and which may be known by the general term of ADDRESS. The address of an old man consists in persuading his mistress he is young, and that of a youth insinuating that he has arrived at the age of secrecy and maturity. A sharper has attained the height of his wishes if he has the address to pass, in the opinion of the world for an honest man; and the latter is often suspected of being otherwise, if he displays too much address. Modest women frequently are mistaken for courtezans, by affecting their address; neither is Cyprian qualified to succeed in her profession, until she has acquired the seeming address of innocence. A creditor displays his address in discovering the address of his debtor; and the address of a debtor consists in cautiously concealing his address from his creditor.

At a house where Dean Swift was once dining, the lady of the mansion boasted much of her family, observing that as her name began with a *de*, it must necessarily be of old French extraction. When she had finished, "Now" says the dean, "I will thank you, Madam, to help me to a little of that *d'-umpling*."

"Sirrah, (says a justice to one brought before him) you are an arrant knave."—"Am I, Sir? (says the prisoner) Just as your worship spoke, the clock struck two."

A correspondent recommends, that when disputes are likely to terminate in a duel, they should be referred to a court of honor; but that the length of the pistols should be determined by a board of Longitude.

Philadel^a, July 28, 1804.

NEW FRENCH GOVERNMENT.

The particulars of the new arrangement are thus described in a private communication—"The name of the Republic is to be changed into that of Empire: the Republican calendar is to be laid aside: The ancient Nobility are to re-assume their former titles; and at Bonaparte's coronation, several hundred Noblemen are to be created. The brothers of the Consul are, with their male children, to be created Archdukes, and the sisters, Archduchesses.—The heir to the Throne is to be styled the Imperial Grand Duke, and the titles of Bonaparte are to be *His Most Christian Majesty the Emperor of the Gauls*. The Throne is to be hereditary in his family, in case of failure of issue, he is to have the power of nominating from among his relatives, his immediate successor." [Lond. Pap.

COMMUNICATION.

DIED—On Saturday morning last, an infant daughter of Mr. Blaine Genas.

THOU art gone sweet babe to thy home,
Thou'rt gone to thy blessed abode;
Thy body's enrap'd in the tomb,
Thy spirit has fled to its God.

Thou'rt gone where we all soon must go,
Far distant from earth, sin, and hell;
Thou'rt freed from all misery and woe,
Where angels and seraphs do dwell.

Thy father, dear babe, did thee love
With fondness parental and true;
His pray'r oft ascended above,
That health all his hopes might renew.

But the God whom with love we adore,
In wisdom hath taken thy breath;
Thy mother is left to deplore
The loss of her infant in death. J. L. B.

To Correspondents.

"Adelia,"—"H. R. I."—and "A Paraphrase of the Fourteenth Chapter of Revelations," are received and shall be inserted.

Temple of the Muses.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

MORNING MEDITATIONS.

A SACRED POEM.

HAIL! thou blest dawn of the returning day!
Now shall my heart, with gratitude to heav'n,
Pour forth that praise which only is the due
Of him whose honors all creation sings.

Already the sweet warblers of the wood,
With melody instinctive, raise the song
Of gratitude, and ev'ry tree is fill'd
With feather'd heralds of creative pow'r.

Bright Sol resplendent opes th' orient morn,
And blushing clouds enrich the var'ed scene:
The silver dew-drops, spangling ev'ry leaf
Which trembles in the aromatic breeze,
Are tears which night had shed when were withdrawn
Thy cheering beams, O vivifying sun.—
Again thou dost return—with joy elate
The sable curtain which obscured the face
Of languid nature quickly is removed;—
Creation smiles again—her pearly tears
Thy glowing beams inhale—the verdant fields
Invite to sweet repast the lowing herds.

The soul, on contemplation's wings upborne,
Sees the all sov'reign DEITY (who reigns
High in the glor'ous courts where mortal eye
Imperfect, feeble, dares not penetrate)
In works myster'ous thro' the vast domain;
E'en in the smallest particle, which man
From frequent observation, passes by
As triv'al in his sight; yet HE doth know
Its use and order in the wond'rous scale,
Whilst human reason, feeble and depress'd,
Cannot account for half the eye beholds.
How great is HE th' omniscient LORD of all!

Fain would my soul in humble strains adore
Thy love embracing all the sons of men.
Fain would my heart, on faith's blest pinions, soar
To realms of day, where glor'ous light endures
Without obstruction, free from night's dark shades,
But beaming brighter and still brighter glows
The heav'nly day through all eternity:—
The SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS, the God supreme,
Diffusing joys, of which conception fails
To form one perfect thought.—
Then, O my soul, in humble love adore,
With resignation to HIS sov'reign will,
That wond'rous BEING whose omnipotence
In all his works impress th' eternal truth,
JEHOVAH ONLY, CAN SUSTAIN A WORLD!

Infantine day, sweet morn, thy pristine rays
Bring to the mind conceptions of the hour
When from dark chaos harmony arose,
A world created, and the glor'ous light
Illumined earth and usher'd in the day;
That blessed day when innocence was found
In our first parents—innocence most pure
Blest their beginning—but how soon the change!
Sin, pois'nous sin, corrupted the fair work,
And man, affrighted, sought th' impervious shades
To hide him from the sight of his great God!
Vain man, to think e'en blackest clouds of night
Have pow'r to screen him from th' omniscient eye!
But 'tis of sin presumptuous thoughts arise,
And man, enveloped in th' accursed snare,
No pow'r inherent hath by which to break
From its dominion and aspire to heav'n.

But, O my soul, on meditation's wing,
Fly this dark scene, and view that brighter morn,
When shepherds on *Bethlehem's* verdant plains,
With joy and wonder saw th' angelic host,
Heard them with heav'nly harp in song divine
Proclaim the blessing lost, restor'd again
By JESUS; and the great REDEEMER's birth!
'Peace,' was their theme, 'good-will from heav'n to
man,
'Justice with mercy reconciled by him
'Who comes to bear the sins of fallen man,
'To taste of death—to drink the bitter cup
'Of wrath, wrung out for an apostate race!
He bore it all, our sacrifice for sin,
And low he bow'd beneath th' astonish'd earth!

Here would our souls despondent view the man
As mortal like ourselves, and in his tomb
Bury our hopes of purchased joys in heav'n—
Not so—the SAVIOUR, long foretold by men
Inspired from heav'n, confirms all they had said:
On the third morn, ere heav'n's resplendent orb
Revived the glowing beauties of the earth,
He burst the confines of the narrow grave,
Renew'd our hopes, and banish'd all our fears!
Then immortality was brought to light,
And earnest giv'n of that eternal day
That glor'ous day, when saints with holy joy
Shall fly to meet their SAVIOUR and their God
And in fruition have, what here below,
By faith they view but dimly—far above
Their bright conceptions of eternal joys.

Muse then my soul on this enrapt'ring theme,
Ascribing honors to the God most high.
O thou, dear SAVIOUR, with thy matchless love
Fill my whole soul; may all my pow'rs engage
To live for him who died that I might live:
Dilate my heart in gratitude and love
Aspire to heav'n where JESUS reigns supreme.

KASKADANDA:

For the Philadelphia Repository.

STANZAS,

*On seeing the signature of AMYNTOR, again in
the Repository (No. 28.)*

OFT had the lovers of poetic song,
With ardent wishes ask'd, 'Where rests the youth,
Whose lute melodious stole the soul along,
To trace the paths of heav'n-descended truth?
To what cool shade,
What woodland glade,
Or scenes remote has he removed?
To what pleased throng,
Tunes he the song?
That song which we so dearly loved.'

Some answer'd 'Love had broke his lute,'
Others, that 'Sickness held his head;'
Some said that 'Bus'ness kept him mute;'
But many FAIR-ONES mourn'd him dead!
When lo! again
The pleasing strain
Burst on our ears with solemn sound,
Banish'd our fears,
Dried beauty's tears,
And bade our hearts with joy abound.

Welcome, ye bards, the youth once more
To drink at Heliconian springs;
Open, sweet Nine, your ample store,
And soothe your fav'rite while he sings;
Let no dark shade
His peace invade,
But with your songs his soul inspire
To raise again
The cheering strain,
And tune the heart-transporting lyre.

J—N.

From the (Lancaster) Hive.

THE VENGEFUL GIRL.

FOND *Damon*, to enhance his bliss,
From *Sylvia's* lips purloin'd a kiss;
Revenge'd, cry'd *Sylvia*, will I be—
For one you stole—return me three
The tim'rous Swain was quite dismay'd,
And, in a trice, the Nymph obey'd,

ÆSOP.

A SCRAP.

COWARDS are cruel; but the brave
Love mercy, and delight to save.

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